

Title: History of Richard 2

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“I see the bathtub
bubble eater from
Moonglow finally produced
that infernal child. Best
that I take it before she
corrupts the boy with
whatever they teach
those pacifist mages on
that pitiful island” A
man dressed in casual
black leather armor
barged into the room,
knocking over several
midwives as he approached
the bedridden mother and
her child.

“No! You will not have
him, you have taken
everything from me,
without this child I am
nothing, I will never
permit you to do this!”
The woman screamed
frantically as tears
streamed from her eyes.

“Then you will be
nothing. I will take pity
on you for giving birth
to a son this day, be
thankful for my mercy.”
The High Advocate
strayed his hands towards
his sides, and drawing a
dagger, accurately
implanted its blade in the
woman’s neck, trailing
blood over the once again
crying child.

“What is the child’s
name, answer me or join
your mistress!” The High
Advocate screamed into
the crowd of midwives
huddled together in a
fearful embrace.

“Richard my lord... his name is Richard... please, let us leave, we mean no harm to you or your family...” a midwife stuttered, looking with tear stained eyes at the figure grasping the newborn child.

“Richard... your name shall be changed upon your induction into the Way. Until then, you shall retain the weakness of your lineage.” The High Advocate spoke to the child, striding with heavy footsteps out of the small hut nestled on the outskirts of the busy city of Moonglow.

“Zealot Terangal, take this child and begin his training immediately. I want the lore of the Way read to him as bedtime stories, I want the conditioning of his mind to be complete, I want him to live and breathe the path of the sword. He is the woman’s son now, but he shall be mine soon enough.” The High Advocate screamed at one of the entourage stationed outside of the hut. “Prepare the boats before the infernal mages find out we are here, we shall sail towards the temple this evening.”

The sun began to set into golden waters as an old mage stood upon a cliff overlooking the horizon. A katana stood at his side, at conflict with the wardrobe of a scribe draped over his figure. “I shall never

forget you grandson of Richard. If you are your mother's son I shall see you again, just as she promised. If not... I pray for what I will have to do."

Chapter Three- The Way of the Sword

The dark forest lay nestled within the western reaches of the Minoc peninsula, stretching a great distance to the west, where the mountains and ocean stopped its path. A child of no more than eight years of age stood upon a small outcropping of stone. Trees and wildlife bustled about around him; insects crawled over the child's flesh, some biting as beads of sweat built up upon his skin. The child stood unflinching as he neared his second day of fasting and concentration, despite the horrible hunger pains and insect bites that wracked his fragile form.

"Excellent, you may be blessed with acknowledgment of my lineage yet, Richard." A roughly dressed High Advocate spoke, releasing the child from his concentration.

"You have lasted twice as long as even the most prodigal student of our order. However, it will take much more than two days of fasting to remove the shame of your blood. You are still a disgrace by nature. Report to your sleeping area, you have one hour to bathe and eat with the rest of the students

before you are prepared for combat training.” The High Advocate threw the boy to the ground, sneering as the child scampered towards his sleeping area.

“You can do better than that you worthless runt!” a darkly clad fully grown soldier barked at a blue eyed child engaging him in ruthless one on one combat. The child feigned to the right as his blade met with his attackers, sending sounds of clashing metal into the cool late afternoon air. The child stepped backwards while parrying several of the soldiers well aimed blows, and eventually in his retreat, caught the tip of a rock and fell harshly backwards. The child began to raise his sword and whimper as the soldier approached him with a gloating countenance. “Now its time to add a scar to you for a failed lesson boy. I don’t agree with your fathers methods, but orders are orders.” The soldier raised his blade in the air and aimed a savage strike at the boy’s midsection. The boy lunged back, and with several graceful movements, took advantage of his opponents lowered defense, leaving a deep and bloody gash along the soldier’s upper torso, a hair length away from the neck.

“Never think you have defeated an opponent until you have his ashes within

your hands, Eoric. The boy grinned and kept his blade readied in a defensive stance, in case of any aggression by his defeated sparring companion.

“Sometimes I swear you speak with your father’s words, Richard. You definitely fight with his sword arm.” The soldier limped away from the battle circle as the group of young trainees stood wide eyed at the defeated swords trainer and the High Advocates son.

“Keil, when you look towards the ocean, what do you see?” Two children stood upon a small hill of rock overlooking the waters of the northern seas. Blood dripped slightly from the older boy’s chest as he stood exhausted after a testing duel.

“I don’t bloody know... water?” The older boy panted and gasped for air as he spoke labored words.

“I see...so much... so much space, so peaceful, untouched by war or fear, entirely pure.” The child stood in a serene pose, looking over the waters as the sun began to sink deep beneath the waves.

“Damnit Richard, you sit there so calm and peaceful after that horrendously long sparring session. You weren’t even trying, look at you,

you're not even sweating,
you look like a blasted
noble with that spotless
armor of yours." The
older boy sat down to
regain his breath, glaring
almost comically at the
younger boy staring out
towards the horizon.

"Keil, you speak more
then a blasted noble, shut
up and catch your breath.
We will go back to the
sleeping quarters and
catch an early rest;
tomorrow I hear we will
be practicing group battle
tactics." The younger boy
returned the comical grin
and continued to stare
into the endless horizon
of water and drowned
sunlight.